

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Three Dollars a Year,  
in Advance.

No. 8.

## AUTUMNAL TIME.

BY C. L. G.

The year grows splendid. On the mountain  
steep  
Now lingers long the warm and glorious  
light.  
Dying, by slow degrees, into the deep  
Delicious night.

The final triumph of the perfect year,  
Rises the woods' magnificent array;  
Beyond, the purple mountain heights appear,  
And slope away.

The elm, with muted, slow motion, leaves  
His long, lithe branches in the tender air;  
While from his top the gay Sordello waves  
Her scarlet hair.

Where Spring first hid her violets, 'neath the  
fern,  
Where Summer's fingers ope'd, fold after  
fold,  
The odorless, wild, red rose's heart—now burn  
The leaves of gold.

The loftiest hill, the lowliest flowering herb,  
The fairest fruit of season and of clime,  
All wear alike the mood of the superb  
Autumnal time.

Now nature pours her last and noblest wine;  
Like some Bacchant beside the singing  
stream,  
Reclines the enchanted Day, wrapt in Divine,  
Impassioned dream.

But where the painted leaves are falling fast,  
Among the vales, beyond the farthest hill,  
There sits a shadow dim, and sad, and vast,  
And lingers still.

And still we hear a voice among the hills,  
A voice that mourns among the haunted  
woods;  
And the deep mystery of its sorrow fills  
The solitude.

For while gay Autumn glides the fruit and leaf,  
And doth her fairest festal garments wear,  
Lo! Time, all noiseless, in his mighty stealth,  
Blinds up the year.

The mighty sheaf which never is unbound;  
The reaper whom our souls beseech in vain,  
The loved lost years that never may be found  
Or loved again.



While the main body of the Sepoys were struggling past, Agwak saw the officer lean forward and downward and look into the carriage.

## DOWLAH, THE SNAKE-CHARMER!

OR,

## THE MAID OF CAWNPOOR!

## A Mystery of India, beyond the Ganges.

BY ORPHIMIA R. CHARNOCK.

[This serial was commenced in No. 2, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

### CHAPTER VIII.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,  
The bugles sound the call. —Scott.

Agwak did not spare the horses although the day was a warm one, and they needed rest. Acting upon his advice, Cora had shut down the slides at the side of the carriage, and had leaned as far back as possible upon the back seat, so as to avoid the staring gaze of those whom they met every few minutes. By and by, however, the stifling heat in the small space became unbearable, and she ventured to raise the slide upon her right, in the hope of securing some relief. Little was afforded, for the dust streamed in and almost choked her, while the dead heat was unrelieved by the slightest breeze, excepting that which was created by their own forward motion, and it seemed to her as if she would be overcome and faint away. She was about to call the driver, entreating that he would moderate the speed somewhat, when they suddenly came beneath the shade of a grove of palm trees that extended for several hundred yards along the road.

As Agwak reined up his horses at the same time the standard in the distance, and running up the other side, Cora gave a sigh of relief, and thrusting out her head, called out her thanks to her friend. The words had hardly escaped her, when he leaned to one side, and reaching his black, grimy face as far around as possible, called: "Keep out of sight, speak not a word, show not your face, for Nana Sahib's men are close at hand."

Cora needed not this warning, for during the second when she was given a glimpse of the road in front, she had caught sight of a number of men coming up the road. They were partly hidden by the dust, but she saw enough to know that they were Sepoys, and that several leaders were riding at their head upon horseback. With a gasp of terror she sank down in her seat, believing that all was over; but knowing by what a narrow chance one's life is saved at such a crisis, and recalling the hearty warning of the driver, she leaned back as far as she could, and awaited the terrible moment of discovery.

Agwak had remained halted for less than a minute when the leaders were so close, that he raised his head and made a not ungraceful military salute. The haughty Sepoys did not return it, and two of them scarcely more than glanced at the vehicle standing beside the road, which was precisely what the driver wished, and what he would like to have seen the third do; but this traitor was younger than the others and disposed to be more inquisitive. Drawing his horse to one side so as not to check the men

by his stoppage, he demanded in the language of Hindoostan: "Who are you that intercepts the soldiers of Nana Sahib on the highway?"

"I am Agwak, a Sepoy like yourself, and a faithful subject of the Mogul Empire, whose king, Mahomed Suraj-ooddeen Shah Ghazee, sits upon the silver throne at Delhi."

This was rather a pretty and patriotic reply, considered from Nana Sahib's standpoint, and the speaker acted as if it were the proper countersign that entitled him to pass without further questioning; but the young officer deemed otherwise, and with his horse standing in such a position that Cora could plainly see its head and mane, he kept up his running fire of questions. "Why are you on the road at this time of day?"

"I am on an errand for my master, Huraj-al-shed, who wields his sword for his king among the soldiers before Lucknow."

"Have you any one in the carriage?" asked the horseman, leaning forward and seeking to peer into the vehicle, where the trembling Cora sat, believing that every moment was to be her last.

"I have the daughter of Huraj-al-shed, who is sick and in sore distress, and with whom I am hastening to her home, where I fear she will soon die."

This was uttered with the coolness and apparent sincerity of the veteran liar, and while the main body of the Sepoys were struggling past, while speaking, Agwak saw the officer lean forward and downward and look into the carriage. One glimpse of the face of the occupant, and the deception would be discovered, with the tigerish thirst for blood, which always characterized these people, they would not only be certain to rend the gentle being to pieces, but they would make mince-meat of the one who had attempted the trick upon them. In spite, therefore, of the immobile face of Agwak, it may well be suspected that there was a tumult in his heart, as he watched the proceeding of the officer.

Fortunately, at this juncture, Cora was leaning back in the seat, with her darkly-gloved hands covering her face, so that not the slightest glimpse of the hue of her skin could be seen, and the inquirer was none the wiser for his attempted pursuit of knowledge. The girl heard the words, and although unable to comprehend a syllable, she was as certain that they concerned her as if they had been uttered in English, with the curiosity to be expected in one of her sex, she held two of her fingers parted in such a manner that she could look out and see what was going on.

Beneath the dusty neck of the horse she saw the grimy face-like faces, as they moved by in hurried procession, some of them glancing toward the carriage, in that mechanical way, which showed that they felt little curiosity or interest. Then while she was staring in her terrified way, praying that as the forms came to view before her, each might be the last, the features of the officer suddenly appeared within a few inches of the slide, and a faint gasp of terror escaped her at the sight.

It was a frightful countenance indeed. The huge proboscis-like nose had been split by a sabre stroke, and the wound was only partly healed. There was high cheek bones, cadaverous sunken cheeks, the long, white caniniform teeth that were always glittering in sight, and a pair of eyes that were not only of the most intense blackness, but seemed to possess a hue peculiar to their own—a blood red color, not such as is seen when the ball is blood-shot, but which appeared to be within and a part of the iris itself. Over this diabolical countenance, striped with dust and perspiration, was cast an expression of eager, yearning, thirsty inquiry.

For several seconds the face remained stationary, during which Cora sat like the bird charmed and transfixed by the serpent. She could not remove her gaze, nor did she stir the gloved fingers between which she was gazing. A sort of instinctive knowledge told her that it would be certain death to move her hands, and yet she felt that she must do so. It was as if the muscles rose in rebellion against her will, and refused to be controlled. At this critical moment the officer straightened up, and the haunting vision disappeared, although she could see that the Sepoys were still straggling by, but fearful of trusting herself to go through the same ordeal, she leaned her head forward, holding it down, with the backs of her hands pressing her knees, in which position she remained, until her hearing told her that the foot soldiers were at last gone by.

But she dreaded the horsemen more than all the others, and she scarcely dared to stir, so long as she heard their voices in converse. Some strange suspicion seemed to fill the Sepoy officer, and Agwak began to believe that an encounter of some kind was inevitable. He saw, therefore, with some relief the last of the foot soldiers pass by, for there was a prospect that if compelled to come in collision with but a single person, he might be the fortunate one in the fight, while there was not the remotest hope in case the discovery should come sooner.

"Where has the daughter of Huraj-al-shed been that she should be returning in such haste during the heat of the day, instead of waiting until the cool shadows of the evening?"

"She has been at the home of her sister, who dwells in Purgoo, and there is impatience and anxiety for her at home."

The reply appeared to convince the officer that he was acting in an unwarranted manner, and his mind was unable to frame a suitable pretext for remaining longer and continuing his questions, but at the same time, it was plain that his suspicions were not entirely removed.

In the meantime, Agwak glanced stealthily at the Sepoys; the rear of the column was now only a hundred yards distant, and would soon be out of sight altogether, while at the same time, he reached one hand cautiously beneath his

coat and laid it upon the handle of his revolver.

All at once, the horseman returned the salute which had been made him upon their first meeting, and rode ahead toward the foot soldiers, as if he had dismissed all other thoughts from his mind, and Agwak, inexpressibly relieved started the carriage forward in the opposite direction; but he was not free from alarm and misgiving by any means.

"We shall see more of that man," he said to himself, as he continued steadily to increase the gait at which the horses were proceeding. "I don't know why it is, but he believes that some trick has been played on him, and he means to find out. I wish I were well rid of him."

As it was still early in the day, and the sun shone with undiminished fervor, great caution was needed upon the part of the driver lest he should urge the horses beyond their strength. As for himself, he seemed invulnerable. He never once removed the short close-fitting coat, which would have served him as well among the snowy heights of the Himalayas; nor did the black shining face show a single drop of trickling moisture, as he sat under the full glare of the merciless sun that taxed the endurance of her of another race, (even though protected by shelter,) to its utmost.

### CHAPTER IX.

"Maxwell's horse are bonnie,  
Where early falls the dew  
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie  
Gave me her promise true."

Agwak found little time to bestow attention upon his charge, when he was in constant expectation of danger. He encountered many others upon the road, and not a few showed troublesome curiosity to understand who it was he had in the carriage, or why it was he was making such haste; but he was well as well among the snowy heights of the Himalayas; nor did the black shining face show a single drop of trickling moisture, as he sat under the full glare of the merciless sun that taxed the endurance of her of another race, (even though protected by shelter,) to its utmost.

Cora was now rapidly nearing Cawnpore, and Agwak, in answer to her inquiries, told her that if unmolested they would reach it by the set of to-morrow's sun. As they advanced, signs of military preparations were to be seen every hour, and any one acquainted with such matters, would have known they were near a camp of armed men. Nearly every one whom they encountered carried a musket; many had revolvers shoved in their waists, and once or twice numbers of men could be seen in the open fields drilling and going through different military manoeuvres.

Still there seemed to be no surveillance, such as is customary in the neighborhood of armed forces. It may have been that Nana Sahib and his officers did not consider it possible that any serious danger in the rear threatened him. He was so far removed from the European stronghold, the meeting by this time had become so complete, and his scouts kept him so well informed of the movements of General Havelock and his other

enemies, that he could afford to relax security, where other commanders would have been severely strict and cautious.

Cora Wilson, by this time, was fully alive to the perilous situation in which she was placed, and, as she sat in the carriage cowering back in her seat, she was shudderingly contemplating the end of all this—not as it might be seen in the far future, but as it was visible within the coming twenty-four hours.

How was the night, now so near at hand, to be spent? She could not remain in the carriage, and although she might veil her face as she came forth, yet her dress would reveal her race to whosoever should chance to see it, and she needed not to be told that she was now in a region where no European would be permitted to live an hour, after being known. It was hard for her to decide whether it was safer to go forward than backwards.

She seemed to be approaching what might be termed the focus of danger, and were the distance over which she had come much less, she would have retreated; but as she reflected upon the many long hundreds of miles over which she had come by steamboat, railroad and in her carriage, of the suspicion that had marked her journey for the last three or four days, she knew that this had been deepening and widening, and that it was utterly out of the power of Agwak to take her back in safety over the ground that she had traversed together.

Her position was sad and distressing enough without the anguish of reflecting that all this had come upon her through her disregard of the advice of her lover; but even when her brain was on the rack, in devising some means of possible escape, this recollection would come to her, and add to her mental anguish that now seemed greater than she could bear.

"Ah! Ned, my beloved!" she exclaimed, in a bitterness of her spirit, "it seems a hard punishment to receive, but I have brought it all upon myself."

The carriage was now proceeding at a very slow rate, and shrinking back, as far as possible, the girl glanced furtively out of the slides, at the shadowy figures that were constantly flitting back and forth.

There seemed to be no element lacking to make her situation as terrible as possible when anything like a bull or quiet came over her spirit. She was startled into a gasp of terror by the sound of shouts so close at hand, that she was sure they were made by those who had discovered her identity, and who were rushing forward to kill her.

Then in a few minutes came the rattle of musketry, and her excited imagination brought to her ears the dying shouts of the victims. Everything was activity, stir, and bustle; the Sepoys and natives were in the wildest state of excitement, and infuriated because in wandering hither and thither they could find none of the hated race upon whom to wreak their vengeance. Could a European soldier have fallen down among these creatures, it would have been like tossing a piece of meat to famishing beasts. They would have rended each other in their eagerness as to who should be the first to tear him to pieces.

The indescribable peril of Cora Wilson was greatly increased by her sex, as it was the custom of these fiends to perpetrate the most diabolical outrages upon the females who fell into their hands, before relieving their sufferings by death.

Cora had observed that, for some time past, Agwak had been picking his way along by aid of the moonlight, now almost as bright as day, and which she dreaded scarcely less. She was still trembling, and looking in terror from right to left, when the motion of the vehicle suddenly ceased, and Agwak at the same instant jerked the slide door open. "Come, quick," he said, in a hurried voice, "there is a chance of life, and it must be improved at once."

Cora did not stop to question, but stepped instantly out of the carriage, concealing her traveling-bag as well as she could under her cloak. The Sepoy left the two horses standing where they were, liable to be stolen or to run away during his absence, and directing his charge to follow him, walked hurriedly about a dozen steps to the right, and throwing open the door of a house, entered.

The building was a small bamboo structure, consisting simply of one lower and one upper room, the floor of the former being nothing but the hard, smooth earth. Several openings at the side admitted enough moonlight to afford a good view of the interior, and she saw a species of ladder made of cane, at one side of the lower room, leading into the upper. Not a particle of furniture of any kind was to be seen, and she concluded that her guide must have known it was empty before he came in.

Nevertheless he approached the ladder, and ascending a couple of steps, so that his head came on a level with the opening above, he called something once or twice in his own language, and receiving no response, stepped back beside the trembling Cora.

"Nobody is here. You will go up there and wait for me."

"But will nobody come?" she asked.

"I think not; but we can do no better. It is the only place that affords any chance at all. I have driven much faster than I intended, and we are now close to the town of Cawnpore, with the Sepoys swarming all around us. There is little hope for either of us, for here I will be known as one of the converts of Sahib Dickson, and will be put to death. If I can escape I will watch over you as best I can. Tarry not, for the carriage in the road is likely to be seen and noticed."

Impressed with the imminence of danger, Cora said good-bye, and then hastened up the bamboo ladder, while Agwak hastened out to the waiting vehicle, leaped upon the seat in front, caught up the reins, and dashed away.

The fair fugitive, after reaching the upper room, paused to survey what might be termed her prison quarters. A glance was sufficient. It was about ten feet square, and as free from furniture as the lower, with the exception of a single curiously-fashioned chair standing in one corner.

There were openings in the side, small and octagonal in shape, showing that had been cut for the purpose of admitting light, but the roof, as far as she could judge, was water proof. The floor was ingeniously woven in such a way, that, as she stepped upon it, it sank down several inches, threatening to give way altogether, but it was strong enough to bear several times her weight without yielding.

Cora made her way to one of the openings, from which she cautiously peered out to see the direction taken by Agwak, and to learn all that was possible to learn about her surroundings and her situation.

The carriage in which she had come was just vanishing from sight in a cloud of dust of its own raising, and she could just discern here and there shadowy figures moving along in different directions. There were enough of these to preclude the idea of her being in any solitary or out of the way place, where she was not likely to receive visitors. Agwak had told her that they were close upon Cawnpore, which she had learned was in a state of siege by Nana Sahib, and it was fair to suppose that, so long as they were kept at a distance by General Wheeler, they would employ their leisure time in the best manner possible to gratify their thirst for blood, by hunting out those against whose lives a pretext could be made.

Carefully reconnoitering her own position, Cora found that on the right and left were a number of houses similar to her own, and, unless she was greatly mistaken, some of these had occupants.

In front ran the highway. In the distance she could catch glimpses of other houses, and the dark outlines of a forest were dimly discernible a quarter of a mile or more beyond the road, on the right, she fancied Cawnpore lay. It was too far away to be certain, but it seemed then that she could catch the misty outlines of mosques and temples, and there came to her through the night air the hum and noise peculiar to large cities.

"Can that be Cawnpore?" she asked herself, when the dim and misty picture grew dimmer and mistier, from straining her eyes in looking so long towards it. "Can it be that that is the city which Nana Sahib of Bithoor has laid siege to, and where General Wheeler is uncertain whether he can keep him at bay or not? Agwak has told me all about it, and none should know better







"Not the least in the world."

"What is your idea of a gentleman?"

"Being born of a good family."

"A good family," replied Wilfred, laughing, "and being a gentleman."

"Whether she meant to imply that by talking to her he was forfeiting some of his claims to the title. If that was what she intended to convey she was miserably the most independent, impracticable and charming girl he had ever known."

"You see, Wilfred was not accustomed to consider, and its very rarity made it pleasant."

He walked on silently for a minute, in deep reflection.

Milly fancied she had offended him, and was not so sorry as she might have been under ordinary circumstances.

However, his tone showed no annoyance, only eagerness, when he spoke next.

"You are very frank to other people, Miss Lowe; do you allow them to be equally frank with you?"

"Of course, sir; that is only fair."

"Will you answer me one question then?"

"What is it?"

"I warn you I am going to be very impatient."

"One would fancy, sir, that if you knew that you would stop yourself in time."

Decidedly, Milly was a match for any lord in the land. No duchess could have had more dignity. Perhaps this very consciousness, instead of checking the question on Wilfred's lips, hurried it. It was a shame for such a girl as this to throw herself away.

"Only that you see people can't always check their curiosity," Wilfred said, at last.

"Can't they?" answered Milly, opening her eyes wider than ever; "I thought they could."

"I can't."

"Then I am very sorry for you, sir."

"Your sympathy is so sweet, that I will even accept it on such terms. Only that I may as well warn you I mean to ask my question all the same."

"Then, I think, we may as well get it over, sir," replied Milly, demurely.

"You will think me awfully impatient."

"So you said before."

"I wanted to ask if it was true that your engagement with young Benson was broken off."

Milly's face changed suddenly. The sweet lips began to quiver and tears came into the blue eyes.

"I don't know what right you have to ask me such a thing," she said, in a stifled voice, "and only from curiosity, too."

"Supposing I say that it is not from curiosity at all, but from a true interest I take in your fate, Miss Lowe?"

"Then I should not believe you, sir."

"How should you take an interest in my fate, who know nothing of me?"

"Nay, I have seen you here ever since you were a mere child."

"But you have never spoken to me before."

"Only because I have not dared."

"How is it you dare now?"

Her glance, still dim with tears, met his bravely—even reproachfully.

"I thought, being so candid yourself, you would permit me to be the same."

"If you remember, sir, I asked no questions as to your private affairs."

"You might have done. I have no secrets."

"I have."

These two words were spoken with real dignity, and Milly moved on a little faster.

"Then I am not to know?"

"Unless Mr. Benson likes to tell you."

"One could hardly expect him to publish his own misery."

"It is the lady who rejects, not the gentleman."

"In that case, sir, she would be publishing his humiliation, and that would not be generous."

"I see you have always an objection ready," said Lord Oakland, beginning to wish that she had not been such a shrewd antagonist.

"It is our only defence," sighed Milly. "What defence should you require?"

"Even the rose has thorns, sir, to protect itself with."

"No one would hurt you, Miss Lowe."

"I can't tell that. But I am none the worse for being on my guard."

"You frighten your friends."

"I have no friends to frighten."

"Nay," he said, "you must allow me to doubt your word."

"You would have to search a long while before you found them," said Milly, sadly. "Old Nanny—and my father, of course—are the only persons who would care whether I lived or died."

"And Mr. Benson."

"I did not authorize you to make that addition," replied Milly, sharply.

"But he would, I fancy."

She turned away, flushed and angry, for although Milly was very sweet and good, she had what is called a temper of her own, and on such a subject as this was tempted to show it.

"I should think, sir, you could know positively nothing about Mr. Benson's feelings."

"I only judge by appearances."

"You have never seen us together," she said, defiantly.

"How do you know that?"

"I never met you at any such time."

"Perhaps not, but one evening last summer, when I was in the wood late, I heard voices, and stopped to listen."

"You might have been better employed, sir."

"I thought not, at the time, I remember. But I was wickedly envious of Mr. Benson's felicity when I went away. To be loved for one's self alone is very rare."

"What else could you be loved for?" inquired Milly, with perfect astonishment.

"For one's rank, or wealth, you know."

"Indeed! But, then, that wouldn't be love, really."

"It is what passes for it in the world, anyhow, Miss Lowe."

"What a strange world it must be, then!" she answered, with great gravity. "I'm glad I don't live in it."

"Some people would say that you had very bad taste."

"Those would be just the people, sir, I shouldn't want to know, and I am sure they wouldn't want to know me."

"Some of them would; because I do."

"And you like the world?"

"Very much. I shouldn't like to be

out of it. At the same time, I appreciate simplicity, especially when it goes hand in hand with sense and refinement, as it does with you."

She looked at him steadily, with grave, reproachful eyes.

"There is one thing you seem to fancy, sir."

"What is that?"

"Flattery."

"I never flatter."

"So it seems. But here we are at old Nanny's cottage, sir, and I'll wish you good afternoon."

"Wouldn't old Nanny be glad to see me, too?"

"I don't see why she should."

"I can't accuse you of flattery, Miss Lowe."

"I hope not, sir; it is a thing I utterly despise."

"You hit me hard, Miss Lowe. One would never believe, to look at you, that you could be so severe."

"I can't help my looks."

"And I don't expect you would if you could."

At this minute, Nanny, hearing voices, came to the door.

"La, Miss Milly, if it isn't you, I declare; and—"

Here she dropped a low courtesy.

"Ad Lord Oakland, Nanny; may he come in?" inquired Wilfred, pleasantly.

"Miss Milly says she is sure you don't want to see me; but I tried to persuade myself the contrary."

"Walk in, my lord; Miss Milly made a mistake there. Nothing pleases me more than to see your lordship in my poor house."

"There!" exclaimed Wilfred to Milly in triumph. "You see you were wrong, after all."

Old Nanny's room was only lighted by one window, and this was so darkened and overshadowed by the ivy outside, that on first entering it was difficult to distinguish whether there were occupants or no. Milly went first behind old Nanny, and started back with a sharp cry, just stifled in her birth. There at the fireplace, looking very white, stood Herbert Benson. He handed her the chair he had been using, and stood aloof, watching.

Poor Milly felt very cold for a minute, and then she rallied; and, moreover, seeing him so pale, she thought he must care for her still, and might be brought to his senses through jealousy.

Milly did not know the danger of playing with edged tools, and it never struck her that she might wound herself more than she wounded Herbert, whose face showed not jealous rage, but serious pain and displeasure.

With a little coquettish smile, Milly motioned Lord Oakland into the place Herbert had just resigned.

"Won't you come near the fire, sir? It was cold walking."

"Not at all," answered Lord Oakland, entering fully into the spirit of the scene. "I never enjoyed a walk more in all my life."

Herbert turned a shade paler, if possible, and withdrew still further into the background.

At this minute, a strange, wild face peered in through the window, rested on Herbert with menacing, hateful eyes, and then disappeared. Was it a spectre, some awful visitant from the world of shadows, or a real living presence? It was difficult to tell; and yet, whilst it remained there a sudden, startling silence seemed to fall upon the little group collected in old Nanny's room. Milly was the first to speak. Glancing sideways at Herbert, to make sure that he was listening, she said, with demure malice:

"These country lanes are so lonely, one is glad to meet with a human being, if only for the novelty of the thing; although I can find a companion when I want."

Tommy Wilson is always proud to be my protector, and I could not have a better."

"What, the idiot, do you mean?" asked Lord Oakland. "I think, if I were you, I should be less afraid without him than with him."

"He is quite harmless."

The white, strange face was so close to the window now that you might have seen every faint feature working with a convulsive eagerness. And yet no one noticed it. Milly went on:

"The lad can be spiteful, I know; but I do believe that, if I were attacked, he would defend me to the last drop of blood in his veins."

"What is the secret of your power over this strange creature?" said the young viscount, bending towards Milly.

"I have treated him like a human being, sir, that is all."

"And he appreciates the compliment?"

"Evidently."

"Are you sure it is that?"

Milly colored a little, and answered evasively:

"What else should it be?"

Lord Oakland bent still nearer, and whispered low:

"Perhaps he may be so human that he has learnt to love you like the rest of us."

She blushed, and exclaimed, Milly, in a tone that hardly expressed denial after all. "Poor Tommy! what should he know about such things?"

"Anyhow, he has one quality which I have known clever men to lack."

"What is that?"

"Good taste."

"Tommy knows who is good to him, that is all."

"And who is pretty, that is more."

"I shouldn't fancy he troubled himself much about such things."

"I shouldn't have thought so, either, but it seems, from what you say, that he does."

"Oh, sir, I never said that."

"Not exactly, but you implied it, and, in a case of this kind, to allow a thing to be understood by implication, is as good as an acknowledgment."

"I never meant it to be."

"I can't help that."

"But you are not obliged to believe it now it is explained, sir."

"Perhaps I shan't be able to get rid of the impression."

This dialogue had been carried on in a low voice, but Herbert, in spite of Nanny's gossip, caught a good part of it, and his brow darkened more and more.

Milly was only encouraging Lord Oakland in order to pique the other into some display of feeling; but Herbert fancied that she had real pleasure in the young viscount's flatteries, because of his rank and position.

Here was a new complication to this miserable case. If Milly should be tempted into wrong-doing through their ostentatious the sin must lie at Mr. Lowe's door; but he should take the best part of the suffering on himself. The blame would be laid to him; but that he cared little enough about, if only

Milly could be induced to take this trial in a different spirit.

Herbert hardly knew what to do; but, presently, when Lord Oakland, encouraged by Milly's coquetry, bent so low to whisper in her ear, that his breath fanned her cheek, Herbert stepped suddenly forward, from an impulse he could not control, and said, firmly:

"Milly, your father will miss you from home. I am going your way, and will take you to your own gate, if you are ready."

"There! I know how it would be!" thought Milly, triumphantly. "I have made him jealous. But it is my turn now. I will forgive him, after awhile; but he shall suffer, first, something of what he has made me suffer."

She turned to him, coldly:

"Thank you, I am not ready yet; and, when I am, I want home alone last time I came here, and can do so again."

"I shall be happy to accompany you."

"I wouldn't give you so much trouble."

"But I told you I was going that way."

"Then don't let me keep you. I want to have an hour's gossip with old Nanny before I go."

"And then," said Lord Oakland, persuasively, "as I am in no hurry, and have no occupation which could be half so pleasant as accompanying you home, you will allow me to offer myself as a candidate for the honor you have refused Mr. Benson?"

There was a minute's silence. Milly was afraid to answer. She wanted to pique Herbert, and yet she did not want to provoke him into quarrelling with Lord Oakland. Between these two alternatives she was puzzled to reply. Herbert's eyes were on her, too, grave but not passionate; and she began to doubt, after all, if her stratagem had succeeded. Certainly he did not look like a jealous man. He said, very quietly, "I will wait until you are ready," and sat down, thereby indicating that his patience would endure as long as might be needful.

Milly began to tire of her coquettishness now. It was not like her to care for such things; and now that Herbert was not to be touched, it seemed to her a miserable farce. She rose, presently, looking white and weary.

"I think I will go home, now, and come again another day, Nanny," she said. "Father will want me."

Herbert rose, too.

"Am I not to come?" whispered Lord Oakland.

Herbert heard the question, and answered it himself.

"I will take Miss Lowe home, my lord. We are old friends, and it would seem more natural for me to do so than you."

"I leave that to Miss Lowe to decide."

Milly was stooping to pick up a ribbon which had fallen from her neck. Lord Oakland stooped, too, and their eyes met. Milly's lips just moved to say "No."

"Give me that ribbon!"

Again she would have said "no," but he had seized it and hidden it.

"I must have some comfort left me. You are too cruel."

He rose to his feet, and saw that Herbert had been watching it all.

"If I am in the wood to-morrow, at this hour, will your lordship allow me a few minutes' conversation?" he said.

"What part of the wood?"

"Opposite here."

"Very well," answered Lord Oakland, haughtily, and went off with his treasure, well satisfied on the whole.

He watched Herbert and Milly disappear towards the lane, and then he turned towards the wood. The ribbon was in his hand. He transferred it to his buttonhole, and smiled to himself, triumphantly.

"Dear little Milly! I don't believe she will prove unfaithful after all."

He said this to himself, quite softly, and sighed. The twilight gloom was gathering fast, and the wind was sweeping across the tall tree-tops drearily.

Wilfred drew his coat closer about him, and shivered. He began to wish he were at home, especially as, now and then, he fancied he heard steps behind, though he knew he was alone.

But the shadows were so thick that he could see nothing, and he went on again at rather a quicker pace than before. He reached the centre of the wood, where the night was the blackest, when, suddenly, he felt a hand on his throat. He tried to wrench himself away, but the grasp only tightened, until it felt like a grasp of iron.

Wilfred had courage enough; but this secret enemy, who assailed him from behind, was not like an ordinary foe. The very mystery of the assault confounded him, and put him off his guard. He did struggle a little, but he knew that it was in vain; and, when he felt himself drawn backward and flung on the ground, he gave himself up for lost.

The man knelt on his breast as he lay prostrate, and seemed to search for something. His face was so close to Wilfred's that he could feel his breath on his cheek. There was a quick, sudden wrench, a little cry of triumph, and the man sprang off his victim, and disappeared with the same mystery that had marked his coming, leaving Wilfred bruised and shaken, but conscious only of one loss. The ribbon he had worn so proudly in his buttonhole was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS."

It is a common request; but how many pennies it would take to buy some thoughts! How many blissful dreams would be dissolved could they be purchased and made known; how many hearts that now throbb peacefully would be aching; how many shining faces would be clouded with gloom! Ah! it is well our thoughts cannot be bought; else would this merry bawling question sometimes prove the questioner's death-blow. And yet there are two sides to this, as well as to many questions. How much more than the offered "penny" is the kind thought—the charitable, palliating, forgiving thought! Without that! It were feet to the crippled, wings to the leaden-hearted, manna to the famishing in this world's wilderness. There are a thousand ways in which a skillful physician can give a drop of balm. A cheery look, or smile, even towards a stranger, will sometimes turn the whole current of his miserable thoughts, beguile him out of his downcast looks and morbid reflections. Don't wait for an introduction to a drowning man. Throw him a rope and pull him out; never mind what his name is—bring him ashore.

It is better to need relief than to want the heart to give it.

## A LOVERS' QUARREL.

ST. P. W.

The winter day was drawing to a close, and Lillian Graham clung closer to her friend's side, with almost a sensation of terror.

"I had no idea it was so late, Effie," she said to Mrs. Wallis, her companion.

"Oh, do let us hurry home, if you please."

"Don't be nervous," laughed merry little Mrs. Wallis; "I like to be out in the dark once in a while myself—it gives one a sense of adventure."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Lillian, with a sudden, joyous intonation of her voice. "Meredith Allston is coming; he will see us safe home."

As she spoke, a tall figure approached. The figure of a gentleman walking rapidly down the street, with the lamplight shining full upon his dark eyes and regular features.

"Mr. Allston! Meredith!"

But to Lillian's surprise, the gentleman took no notice of her besetting summons, but passed her, looking into her eager, flushed face with the careless glance of unconcern.

She drew herself up haughtily, and bit her lip.

"I might have spared myself the trouble of speaking," she said, "if I had only known that Mr. Allston did not know his acquaintances in the street."

"I dare say he was thinking of something else," said Effie Wallis, apologetically.

"But I called his name," persisted Lillian, "and he looked me full in the face!"

"Well, you shall call him to account for it when he comes to-night."

"That would be nonsense," said sensible Mrs. Wallis. "Come along; we shall be home in two minutes."

Lillian Graham looked very pretty as she sat in her father's drawing-room that night, with the soft light from the chandelier streaming round her slender figure, and the somewhat plain face of Mrs. Wallis served as an unconscious foil to set off her own fresh young loveliness.

Mr. Allston's face brightened as he entered the room.

"You are looking very well, Lillian," he said.

Lillian bit her lip.

"You did not stop to think about my looks when I really needed your escort this evening," she said, a little coolly.

He looked at her in astonishment.

"I don't know what you mean, Lillian."

"Were you not out this evening, between six and seven?"

"No; I was not."

"Mr. Allston, I can hardly describe the evidence of my own senses; I certainly saw you, and so did Mrs. Wallis."

He looked pained, but offered no further explanation of the mystery.

"Are you ready for the concert?" he asked.

"I have changed my mind," she said, briefly; "I don't want to go."

"The truth is," she said, rising to her feet, "I don't care to go out with a gentleman who sees fit to repose so little confidence in me."

Mr. Allston bowed his submission to her feet.

"Very well," he said, quietly; "I cannot, of course, dispute your decision. I wish you a good evening."

But little Lillian found the hours by the domestic fireside a little dull after his departure.

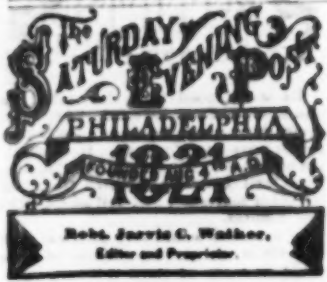
"I wish I hadn't been so cross with him," she said, shrugging her pretty shoulders remorsefully. "Effie, let's ask papa to take us to the opera; we shall be in time for the last two acts."

"Just as you choose," said Effie Wallis, who was not accustomed to the sudden caprices of her pretty little cousin's mind.

The opera house was crowded, but the party with difficulty found seats at the back of the dress circle, and Lillian was hardly seated before she pressed her cousin's arm.

"Effie, look there, close to the orchestra





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## DAILY LIFE.

Is our daily life what it ought to be—what it might be? Do we not allow petty vexations and trivial things to sour our temper and darken our brow—the impulses of nature to get the better of us? That impatient word just now; you were fretted, but did it make you feel any more pleasant? Those light and trifling thoughts; they have gone to give their account against you. That witicism at another's expense; you meant no harm, but was it, after all, quite right, and doing just as you would be done by?

And then the words that are unspoken, the opportunities neglected which might be productive of so much good! How much evil we do when we might do good! How much reproach we bring upon ourselves by our inconsiderateness! How little we practice what we preach! How little we do unto others what we would that they should do unto us! How seldom we are ready to listen to the promptings of self-interest! How we permit little jealousies and animosities to rankle in our heart, and pride, vain and impatient, to fill it! How little of charity do we feel for an erring brother or sister, as if we never erred ourselves! How imperfect and incongruous are our lives!

And yet we might make of life a most beautiful thing; but it must be our daily life that will do it.

So loving words and deeds of kindness, tender sympathies and gentle ministrations, constantly and daily expressed, will make our lives majestic.

Did you never see those that have appeared the very embodiment of goodness, in whose presence there was an attraction irresistible, magical? They have seemed to you like an oasis in a dreary desert-land, like green and fertile spots in a barren waste. You have sighed to be like them, as good and beautiful. You can be, if you will only make the endeavor, you can adorn your soul with such grace, you can make your life so attractive, that you will carry with you, wherever you go, the charm most potent.

To many, daily life seems dull and prosaic; but there are passages in it of surpassing loveliness. Did you reply kindly, just now, when spoken harshly to? Did you receive that driving-upon meekly and silently? It was a beautiful thing. Did you deny yourself that others might be made happier thereby? Did you lay up treasures for heaven? Did you speak words of sympathy and hopeful cheer to that poor and despondent soul? God will remember and reward you. Did you lighten the burden of that weary brother or sister? There shall assistance come down to you from above when you are "weary and heavy laden."

Would that we treasured these opportunities of doing good, and prized them more highly, for they are jewels with which we may adorn our souls with richest grace—gems from which we may quaff the delicious waters of happiness.

When you have striven earnestly, and felt at its close that the day had been made better by these striving-upon meekly and silently, when you have overcome some mighty temptation, when you have accomplished something for the good of those around you, what a flood of happiness has filled your soul to overflowing! And in the still watches of the night, as we live over in thought the short-comings of the day, we promise, earnestly and with tears, that we will do differently.

Let us strive to live that our "life's little acts shall have no remorseful shadows hanging over them." Life will then have a new meaning for us; it will become a reality to us, for only as we grow nobler and better do we really live; only as the heart advances in that which is good do the spirit's chariot wheels move on towards the celestial city.

SPARK MOMENTS are the gold-dust of time. Then let us fill up the little spaces of life with something that will make its record glitter. Time is a priceless gift of Providence to humanity, and we should weigh well not only its minutes but its seconds. If we copy after Nature's great plan, we shall learn that not a moment need be unemployed. Our duty to our Creator, the employment of our talents, and the giving of charity to those less favored than ourselves, will call for our whole life. We cannot estimate the true value of hours and minutes, but we can compare it to the gathering of particles of gold, which, when collected, become valuable. So, if we expect to be the happy reapers of the fruits of well-spent time, we must faithfully garner and cherish time's golden fragments. As the minute particles of gold-dust glitter in the sun, so shall our little acts shine forth at the scrutiny of a still Greater Power.

THE improvement of the understanding is for two ends; first, for our own increase of knowledge; secondly, to enable us to deliver and make out that knowledge to others.

## STORIES.

BY ANASTASIA M. NICOLAS.

I sit beneath the maple tree,  
The waving shadows come and go,  
The low voices of the river sweet,  
And I hear the river's flow.

But yesterday we laughed of Spring,  
When the flowers bloomed with us and we,  
To-day we count our golden store,  
What dreams and hours there have been!

The peaches ripening on the wall,  
The grapes a purpling in the sun,  
The maple buds, the story planned,  
The work and laughter all but done.

Will any hand be up the blow  
Of velvet roses falling fast?  
Ours, look, or time, be kept awake,  
When youth and joy are overpast?

God knoweth. Still the maple tree  
Sits down the summer's story gold,  
Have we a harvest garnered in,  
For Autumn nights to keep and hold?

## A WAGER WON.

BY MAY MEREDITH.

"And then it is an agreement. Let me see if I understand you aright? I am to make every effort to obtain a seat at the Oratorio, to-night. If I succeed in doing so—which, by the way, is most unlikely—you are to grant me whatever boon I choose to ask. If I do not succeed I give you whatever you ask, even 'unto the half of my kingdom.' And I looked into Maggie Morgan's sweet eyes as she sat beside me.

"Precisely," she answered, with a smile. "You understand the state of the case exactly, and I have been very fair towards you, I think, in telling you of the trouble John and Louis had in procuring tickets, and you know they say positively that no more can be had. Are you still willing to run the risk?"

"Indeed I am," I replied. "Your hand, Miss Maggie, as an evidence of sincerity."

She placed her little white hand in mine, and as she avoided my gaze, said, laughing:

"You seem very rash, Mr. Harvard. Who knows what dangerous request I may make?"

"Anything you ask, Miss Maggie, will be a pleasure for me to grant," and then I bent and kissed the soft hand I still held. She drew it away quickly, while a rosy blush suffused her face. I wondered then if she suspected how near I was to declaring my love.

All day long I endeavored to become possessed of a ticket for the Oratorio, but neither love nor money seemed of avail in my case. At last, in despair, I went to Harry Preston, and telling him of my ill-fortune, asked if he could suggest some manner in which this wish of mine could be accomplished. Harry pulled a long grave face and seemed fully to appreciate the forlornness of my condition.

"You know, my dear boy," he said, "I would most willingly let you have my ticket to-night, but the truth of the matter is, I have an engagement with a young lady, and it would never do to disappoint her; then too—"

"The very thing, Harry! You become suddenly indisposed, utterly unable to attend the entertainment. What more natural than that, your mutual friend, should let you go? Of course, your engagement is with Miss Hill, and as I've known her some time, why—"

"Yes, Frank, that might be a good idea, to be sure, but now I think of it, Miss Hill is not the young lady; in fact, I am quite positive that you are unacquainted with her, so you see, old fellow, that plan would hardly do. Besides, I have promised myself the pleasure of hearing the music to-night. Of course, I was disappointed last evening, so you must overlook my selfishness."

"Well, I wish you could have had my ticket last night, and have been in my place. This thing of paying two dollars for the privilege of standing on one foot in a crowd of men, so far removed from the stage that you can just catch the shadow of a tune floating to your strained ear, don't pay in my humble opinion. But Harry, old boy, what can I do?"

"I have just thought of something," he answered, this eye brightening, as I knew it always did when he had some fun on hand. "Frank, old fellow, have you a good deal of assurance?"

"Any amount," I answered, emphatically. "Tell me, what is it?"

"Only this," he said. "I have a friend, a Mr. Peters, from Philadelphia, who has a capital voice, and is to sing to-night in the choruses. Now I will introduce you to him, tell him your wish, and persuade him to assist you in entering the hall in false colors, in other words as a chorus singer yourself. What say you? Are you willing to run the risk?"

"Certainly," I answered. "Let us find him immediately, for we have no time to lose."

This grand oratorio was furnished with voices from many of our principal cities, and when about seven o'clock, I passed through the side entrance of the hall, I suppose with my roll of music under my arm, and my spectacles resting snugly on my nose, I was taken for one of the great Philadelphia, Boston, or Cincinnati singing men. I felt out of place, though, and very guilty, when I entered a room where were assembled the veritable senders forth of dulcet notes. Little groups of men were collected over the floor, discussing, with all their might, the various merits of the pieces to be sung, and talking excitedly about G flat and C minor. Some were washing their hands or arranging their hair, and some gazing their throats, preparing them, I suppose, for the strain to be put upon them.

Not to be singular, I, too, seized a glass of water and proceeded to work as if the fate of the whole performance depended upon the thoroughness of my operation. At last, convinced that this would not again perform its functions if I tampered with it longer, and fearing too, to call attention upon myself by the long continuance of my performance, I desisted, and proceeded to the basin where I conducted my ablutions, and then standing before the glass, rearranged my already elaborately arranged locks.

Fortunately, no one spoke to me, though I am sure all saw me. But the Boston men thought I was a New Yorker, the New Yorkers took me for a Bostonian or Philadelphian, and so on, and I congratulated myself that I had a sufficiently metropolitan air to deceive the wisest.

At last, as I was wondering what next I would do, a hand was placed suddenly on my shoulder, and a voice spoke quickly, almost impatiently: "Tenor or baritone?"

I was taken by surprise, and hardly knowing what I said, answered: "Tenor."

The word was scarcely out of my mouth, when I was marched off to a conspicuous place on the stage, a large book of music was placed in my hand, and before I knew it I found myself listening confusedly to a dissertation on various symphonies and chorals, wherein figured major G, minor C, C natural, and sharp F, to such an extent that I became more and more bewildered each moment. Between our leader, who stood just in front of me and kept time, and myself, I managed to keep the music book, but how would I deceive the brother on either side? I made motions with my lips as if the sweetest notes issued and came forth, but in reality I did not dare to let the least sound escape me. I might, indeed, have sung a little, but suppose the rest were to stop and I should suddenly be left alone in my glory! And now a fearful thought suggested itself. Evidently I was one of the principal tenors, for perhaps I might be mistaken for some celebrated person, and called upon for a solo! At the bare thought I turned pale, but summoned up my courage and kept the book well before my face.

At length, after what seemed an interminable time, there was an interval or rest of a few moments. My next-door neighbor—you are to grant me whatever boon I choose to ask. If I do not succeed I give you whatever you ask, even 'unto the half of my kingdom.' And I looked into Maggie Morgan's sweet eyes as she sat beside me.

"Precisely," she answered, with a smile. "You understand the state of the case exactly, and I have been very fair towards you, I think, in telling you of the trouble John and Louis had in procuring tickets, and you know they say positively that no more can be had. Are you still willing to run the risk?"

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## THE LUCKY NUMBER.

BY FREDERICK A. WILLS.

Reader, are you superstitious? Do you believe in evil stars and lucky numbers? Is there one day in the week less favored than the rest? Is the spilling of salt a calamity, at the bare mention of which you shudder? If so, take warning by the misfortunes of Mary Fichet.

Mary was a spinster, of a very uncertain age. Her love affairs had never prospered, somehow. She said her poverty was the cause; but we know that was a libel on the stronger sex. Her superstitious notions had a great deal to do with it. In her young days she had thrown apple parings over her shoulders, and had waited patiently for the coming of the favored swain, whose name commenced with the ominous initial, "F." She placed her charms under her pillow at night, and dreamed of some impossible Adonis, who was all her fancy painted him, and who, consequently, never came.

When the circus came into the village, she visited the side show, in which the "magic mirror" was exhibited, and viewed, with some complacency, the reflection of a languishing young man, with jet black hair and a moustache—such a moustache—the nearest approach to it she ever saw, was the bristly appendage of the modest individual who came to the village once or twice a year with a grand assortment of cheap and gaudy jewelry which was sold for a "mere song."

Well might this similarity exist! She never knew, however, that this was the very same gentleman whose image she had seen, nor that, in those early days, he was one of the proprietors of the infamous "magic mirror," and she did not marry him. Fancy his fate becoming linked with that of every fair lady whose "affinity" he had represented (poised in a graceful, meditative attitude, illustrating his sad and lonely lot), he would have taken unto himself more wives than the famous Mr. Young, of Salt Lake City.

But we are sadly digressing. Our story has little in common with these early days of Miss Mary Fichet. It commences about the time when, feeling herself sadly neglected by the sterner sex, she concluded that poverty was the cause of all her trouble; and that, in consequence of the continual presence of that grim spectre in her household, love had not even ventured to "come in at the door." If he had been so venturesome, she would have clipped his wings, and he could never have "passed out at the window."

Mary was a milliner, sometimes she worked for the stores, sometimes she displayed three fancy bonnets (were they bonnets?) upon three little stands, in her little parlor window. These productions were a miracle of inventive genius. All the birds of the air (to say nothing of antediluvian species), contributed their tails, sometimes their wings and beaks, or close imitations thereof, toward the decoration of Miss Fichet's works of millinery art. Now by some fortuitous circumstance, Miss Mary had succeeded in disposing of all three productions in the self-same day, and was the happy possessor of some fifteen dollars over and above the cost of their manufacture.

That fifteen dollars troubled her exceedingly. It was too much to spend, too little to live by; certainly it might be deposited in a safe place, as a nucleus of a future payment to the nearest bank, but thieves might break in and steal. Murders had been committed for far less than fifteen dollars!

Miss Fichet called to mind, that only a day or two ago she had read an announcement bill of the great "Wakpa-washie Lottery Scheme," a scheme "organized by special State authority, by the residents of Fort Snally, for the purpose of providing the necessary funds for the purchase of moccasins for the Bel-fourche and Wakpa-washie tribes of Sioux Indians." She recollected that the capital prize, of one hundred thousand dollars, would be given, with innumerable others; all secured to the lucky prize-holders by government security, and also that the price of a chance in this incomparable scheme, was only \$10 in U. S. currency.

Still undetermined, whether or not, she would invest \$10, in a chance for a "capital prize," (which would secure her a husband very speedily), she retired to her solitary couch. The greenbacks were carefully placed beneath her pillow, and, it is not unlikely, they influenced her dreams.

She dreamed a very curious dream. She thought it was the thirtieth day of the seventh month, and that her age was forty-five, (she knew very well that it wasn't so much as that, but so said the oracle of her slumbers.) "Thirtieth day, of the seventh month, aged forty-five."

All through the night this curious dream continued. Something continually changed in her case, "thirtieth day, of the seventh month, aged forty-five." Her first idea, upon waking, was, that this was some mysterious warning of her approaching dissolution. Then, that the figures perhaps referred to the "lucky number" in the coming lottery! She put them upon paper—just to see how they looked? They did not look badly—30.7.45—30.7.45.

The figures became impressed upon her mind, so it was by no means strange that her dream was repeated upon the following night, with this difference, the figures appeared to stand boldly before her eyes, in characters of burnished gold—30.7.45—30.7.45.

She was quite sure then that her fate—her whole future—depended upon her possession of the ticket bearing that impressive number!

No longer did she hesitate in sending her \$10, with the request that if the all-important ticket was not already sold, it might be the one allotted to her.

How anxious she was to be sure! The millinery business was sadly neglected. Previous to the receipt of a reply, she divided her time chiefly between anxious wondering as to the timeliness of her application, and castle-building with the capital prize, which she felt certain would very soon be hers.

At one moment she decided to open a gigantic millinery establishment—one that would utterly annihilate Misses Feather and Berry, (the two young ladies for whose store she sometimes worked,) at another she was in the seventh heaven of delight, prospecting an European tour, in company with the young gentleman of whom—but let us draw a veil!

When the reply came, and ticket No. 30745, was enclosed therewith, she nearly fainted with excess of ecstasy. Now her fortune was assured! No longer would she manufacture those detestable bon-

nets—not even for her own wearing! Mrs. Brown stopped at her house that day, to give an order for one of those "dear little things, you know, dear, with a sprig of jessamine twined around a robin's breast," but Mrs. Brown was referred promptly to Misses Feather and Berry.

"I think of retiring, shortly, from active life, my dear Mrs. Brown," said Miss Fichet, patronizingly. "In fact I don't know if I shall leave Littleville altogether! One's social sphere is so restricted, you know. In fact, I don't mind telling you dear, I have inherited a small fortune from—a distant relative, and I expect to be placed in possession shortly, of a considerable sum of money—so you see—"

Mrs. Brown didn't see, but she congratulated her, nevertheless; and the report went the round of select Littleville society that Miss Fichet was a millionaire, and Miss Fichet bore herself with the utmost propriety under the altered circumstances.

Alas, alas! that jackdaws should wear the plumage of the peacock! Miss Fichet became so enamored with herself, she scarcely recognized that her coming future hung upon the hazard of the die—the "lucky number." She even went so far as to accept the congratulations of her neighbors, and to invite them to a grand merry-making "one of these days—when her ship came in." At church she was the observed of observers. Curiously, the text (she did not see its application) was "Happy is he who expecteth nothing, for, verily, he shall not be disappointed."

The day of the drawing came, and in due course Miss Fichet received a list of the really "lucky numbers." She hurriedly tore the envelope open, and eagerly scrutinized the contents. The list dropped from her fingers, and she fainted right away, for there, on the very first line, was printed in large letters:

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$100,000. No. 45,730. Yes! \$45,730. The figures of her dream reappeared in their order! Miss Fichet had forgotten that "dreams go by contraries," at the best. What an idiot she had been to be sure!

There was nothing for it but to make the best of the situation. She told her friends that it was a mistake about the fortune—it wasn't hers after all.

She still resides at Littleville, and three little fancy bonnets still decorate her window.

But she often regrets that she didn't buy that ticket both ways.

## THE YOUNG WIFE'S SECRET.

BY LU.

"Now, Eliza, after such a delightful wedding holiday as we have had, would it not be a good time to tell me your secret?"

A young and happy-looking couple were seated at breakfast, on the morning after their short honeymoon trip, when this question was asked.

"A better time, dear James, could not be chosen, but would you really like to hear it now?"

"Why not? The sooner we begin to act upon it the better."

"That is true, James, but would you not prefer to find it out for yourself?"

"Oh, I have been trying to guess ever since you first told me of it. Perhaps, Eliza, it is no secret after all?"

"I assure you that it is; and a most valuable one, too."

"Is it much known?"

"Well, dear, I can hardly say; but judging from appearances, I should think not."

"How came you to know it?"

"I learnt it from my mother; she often told me that all her happiness was owing to it. Were she alive now she would witness its effect to us."

"You quite puzzle me, Eliza; it must be something extraordinary if, as you say, it prevents man and wife ever having a second quarrel. You may as well tell me at once."

"I am quite ready to tell you, James; but I am sure that your pleasure will be greater in finding it out yourself. Fortune favors the persevering."

"Ah, I know now; you mean that we are to count a hundred, or fill our mouth with water; or twist a chain; or some such way of getting cool when we happen to get angry."

"No, James, none of these; it is much more certain, and attended with better effects."

"Perhaps you mean that we should shut ourselves up in different rooms, or not speak to one another for a week?"

"No, dear James, nothing so cruel as that. Heaven forbid that we should ever be driven to such extremities. By persevering in my secret, we shall always love one another as truly as we do now. Our trust in one another will increase; and the longer we live the happier we shall be. You will very likely say that it is no secret after all, now that I tell you: The surest way to avoid a second quarrel is never to have a first."

"Capital!" exclaimed James, laughing. "I will stick to that with all my heart." He would have liked to prolong the conversation, but the wedding holiday was over, and he wished to be punctual at work. So taking up his hat he imparted a good-bye kiss on his wife's rosy lips, resolving, as he went out, to put her secret into practice.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.—People know not what they lose by a surly and overbearing spirit. Kindness is the only way to soften the heart, and make all our friends who were before our enemies. Here is an anecdote in illustration. The horse of a gentleman happening to stray into the road, a neighbor put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added, "If ever I catch him in the road hereafter, I'll do so again."

"Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my field. I drove them out, and shut them in your yard. I'll do it again!" Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself.

DEFEAT, indeed, are many; but, of all defeats, there is none so fatal as that of the man who lives in undue terror of being duped.

To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.

TEARS of affection are dew-drops from the blue sky of the soul.

## NEWS OF INTEREST.

It is rumored that the fall season will see women apparently clad in coats of mail, a fine network covering corsets and over-skirt, heavy with closely wrought steel bands; and when, in addition to this, the fronts of hats are ornamented in a similar manner, helmet-wise, the effect can be imagined.

A GREAT international trial of reaping machines has just taken place in France. The leading American, French, Belgian, and English makers were represented, but in all the trials the first prize was awarded to Messrs. Howard, of Bedford, England. The Americans took a second place. Neither the French nor the Belgians obtained a prize.

THE SIXTH TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPHic CABLE is about to be laid, and the Great Eastern is about to cross the Atlantic to begin the task. This cable will be laid from Newfoundland to Ireland, it being the first instance in which the work of Atlantic cable laying has begun from the American side. This cable is owned by the Anglo-American Company, which already operates three others.

In regard to the means or possibility of deciding the sex of eggs, much difference of opinion exists. But M. Genin, in a communication to the French academy of sciences on this subject, states that he is now able, after having investigated the matter carefully for several years, to state with assurance that all eggs containing the germ of males have wrinkles on their smaller ends, while female eggs are smooth at the extremities.

Two letters were recently put in evidence in a breach of promise case in London, which bear a strong resemblance to the "chops and tomato sauce" of Mr. Pickwick. The defendant was a ledger in the house of his affianced parents, and, being absent on one occasion, he wrote her and tenderly advised her "to take some beer every day;" also, that "he left his tooth-brush, which she could use until his return." Such proofs of affection induced the jury to return a verdict for the lady, damage \$1250.

FRAMES are expressed for the safety of Temple Bar, in London. The immense edifice is settling toward the north. Should the great arch fall, almost at any hour, there would inevitably be a terrible smash of human beings, horses, and carriages, all mingled together, besides the minor evil of closing the main approach to the city for weeks. William Barwell, an architect, calls for an immediate removal of the dilapidated and obstructing building, as the only means of averting a fatal catastrophe in its anticipated fall.

THE young women in the London University are competing for university honors with the young men, not only in the lighter, but in the higher branches of study. At the recent commencement the first prize in jurisprudence was awarded to a young woman who, two years ago, won the first prize in political economy. The second prize in jurisprudence was won by another young woman, and others obtained honors in political economy and the fine arts. Notwithstanding these successes the women are not admitted to degree examinations with the men.

THE latest and most plausible plan brought forward for running street cars in cities without the aid of horses is a foreign device, in which the motive power used is an arrangement of powerful springs, encased in cylinders like watch springs, of course, on a very large scale, and the application of which to the cars now employed is said to be extremely simple and easy. These springs are wound up by small stationary steam engines at each terminus of the line, and when wound up will propel the cars even with stoppages, for a longer distance







"And you have no reason to doubt," continued Mrs. Danvers, "thinking to convince by the positive tone of her assertions. Eugene has found out all that it is necessary to know, you may depend. How came you to imagine that she was her cousin?"

"I had never heard of any other," said Mrs. Danvers, "and you are so far off as to say, 'Oh, my dear, that you did not know.'"

"True, my dear Margaret," replied Mr. Danvers, "reverting to a measure his natural manner. 'Your arguments are convincing. I was very wrong, but I was startled into it.'"

"She was very amiable and did not take offense, so you must do her and yourself justice by being yourself at dinner. But what was there so terrible about the cousin of whom you speak?"

"Of the woman herself I am glad to say that I know little, and that little by report, but the story of her parents is blackened with infamy from beginning to end. I hope I shall have no need to recall it, even in thought, so let us discuss the subject."

"With all my heart, but we may talk of Eugene's wife. She is beautiful, is she not?"

"Yes," said Mr. Danvers, "and in that he has not overrated her. Let us hope that his discernment has been equally fine in every other respect."

"Amen, from the bottom of my heart."

"She is certainly graceful in manner, and evidently cultivated."

"I grant you."

"What is it, then, that you do not like?"

"I have not said that I disliked anything, since I have found out that I was mistaken in my first supposition."

"No, but your expression is not one of satisfaction."

"The fault of my temper at dinner, perhaps. You must not interrupt me too closely. That is a bad boy of hers to begin with."

"All intelligent children are bad, Mr. Danvers. I feel sorry for the poor little fatherless fellow."

"Humph! Eugene will be a deal kinder to him than his own father would have been, I dare say, and I think with all necessary depreciation of self that he has got into quarters which some boys with very good fathers might be disposed to envy. But he is a vicious boy. I saw it in his face when he spoke to you."

"Oh, Mr. Danvers. In a child of that age? I am afraid you are allowing the most unreasonable prejudices to take possession of you. Do, for all our sakes, struggle against it."

"It is not I, again, he expressed in word or look, unless the most unreasonable of circumstances should call it forth. I hope she may prove so amiable that I shall never have to refer to Pickwick again to see what Tony Weller says upon the subject of widows."

"Ah! you do not like her being a widow?"

"I should have imagined a young girl more to Eugene's taste."

"Well, there is something a little unromantic to the young fancy about a person who has had another husband or wife, but some of the greatest men that have ever lived have thought just as our boy has done. Washington married a widow, so did Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Ah! true. How could I be so forgetful of such illustrious examples for my comfort, when they are held up for all the world to imitate. Did Eugene mention her age?"

"She was twenty-six when he married her, and he, as you know, twenty-seven."

"Well, Margaret, I believe I will go to my smoking room."

"I will remain here, and perhaps take a nap in my chair before the dinner bell disturbs us, which will not be long now, remember."

"I shall be ready, so as to receive, and pleasant dreams," said Mr. Danvers, bowed to his lady with courtly politeness, and passed out, leaving his reading room, he turned into a little alcove to the right, and sinking into an arm chair, lit a manilla from which he began to puff clouds of smoke about him with a vigorous effort.

That done, he rested a few moments and passed into his dressing-room to prepare for dinner, and his preparations were hardly concluded when the bell sounded. He hurried out, and was just crossing the hall when Eugene came in, carrying a book, and looking a little abashed to the right, and sinking into an arm chair, lit a manilla from which he began to puff clouds of smoke about him with a vigorous effort.

"Ah! I see now where Eugene learned his subtle arts of flattery," said the young wife, looking up into his face with her brightest smile.

"Not from me, I assure you, and our positions would scarcely warrant me in the use of such compliment. No, before I learn to love you as a daughter, which however much I might desire to do at present, it would be scarcely reasonable to expect, until we know each other better, I can be so disproportionately critical."

"Was there a deeper meaning to those words than the mere language itself would imply, and did he mean for her to understand that she had yet to make him learn to trust and love her?"

"She was secretly wondering, when Eugene came in again, and they all passed into the dining hall."

"There were no invited guests, but the dinner was as stately an affair as could have been imagined. The massive silver service reflected her image at every turn, like a many mirrors; and the white-clothed waiters, dumb as Eastern mutes, moved about like clockwork. The fare was such as the combined markets of the world afford, and young Mrs. Danvers ate with a keen relish at which remembrance of the pulling order might again have scoffed. The lady of the house was delighted, and the conversation rapidly lost all undercurrents of formality. Mr. Danvers himself forgot his suspicions, and looked at her in undisguised admiration, at sight of which Eugene's face brightened until it was almost radiant. Any one could see that his happiness was perfect."

"There was to be a grand reception that night, and dinner finished, the young wife could lose no time. A more elaborate toilette was to be gone through again, and with polite excuses she returned to her own rooms. Eugene lingered for a moment."

"Are you disappointed, mamma?"

"Yes, agreeably so. Mr. Danvers and I were saying a while before you came down, that she was more beautiful than you had represented her, and we had been disposed to make all due allowance for a lover's partiality. I hope she was not hurt at your father's reception. He confessed to having been surprised, for even into a housekeeper of manner, for which he scarcely knows how to apologize. In all my experience of him, I have never known anything like it."

"I suppose it was partly attributable to my negligence in leaving you to guess so much," replied Eugene. "But you know when one is thoroughly satisfied with himself and his surroundings, he is not apt to imagine his friends disgraced by any of that which which they could naturally feel if he were in a position of doubt or perplexity, and hence very rarely troubles himself to go into details. But we need not remember it longer, for we know it will not be repeated, for Miriam has the gentlest and most forgiving disposition in the world."

"And then," said Mrs. Danvers, "spilling forth upon her son, 'her manners are as prepossessing as her face. You need give yourself no uneasiness, Eugene. I am sure we shall learn to love her very much.'"

"Was Mr. Danvers, the elder, equally as confident?"

"By no manner of means."

He had felt the witchery of the strange woman's manner, while she looked him in the face, and sat and talked to him, as all men, old or young, do, and as the main in nature, were sure to be drawn to the perfume of air that accompanied her sweet over him when she passed, even he felt something of that impulse which had prompted thousands of others to swear by her, as a divinity.

But when she had passed from his sight, the look of perplexity, of fear, of anger, almost of dismay, that had come over him after the first moment of greeting on their arrival, returned to his countenance, and with a hurried apology to his wife and to Eugene, who were still sipping their wine, he withdrew to his private reading-room.

He knew he would be quite secure from intrusion here, for even she who had been the wife of his bosom for forty years, had not intruded upon him half a dozen times in such a period, and then only in the rarest emergencies. Nevertheless, he took the precaution to look the door carefully behind him, and paced the floor once or twice, with all the anxiety which he had been striving to repress, but too plainly visible upon his countenance.

"My God!" he muttered, at last, with a groan, "how strange that the follies, the madness of my own youth should pursue me thus! Eugene is as blindly trusting as I was, and, just because what will be his awakening epiphany? If my suspicions be true, it were better for him that a millstone were tied about his neck and he cast into the sea. To catch her in a falsehood would be to convict her. Did she tell me the truth?"

He went to a built writing desk at the farthest extremity of the room, and unlocking the doors, drew up his chair and seated himself like a man who has an imperative but severely disagreeable duty to perform. He took out several documents from a secret drawer, and read them eagerly through, without apparently arriving at any more definite conclusion.

"I had fancied that a careful re-perusal of Guy Fisher's letter would have enabled me to decide," he continued, "but there is still only a foreboding of the evil here. He writes, at the close of his unusually rambling epistle, 'And so Eugene Danvers is actually married to Roscoe's daughter, and you gave your consent; but I presume you had discernment enough, with all your fondness, to see that he was a chip off the old block, and that where once he had determined, opposition would have rendered him the more obstinate. Your daughter-in-law, as I understand, inherits the fatal beauty and grace of mother and father. We can only hope that her nature may correspond with these other gifts, and that your son's future life may be without the storms that have desolated all with a hurricane, that of almost all, without exception, of those who have allied themselves with her race. I can imagine your anxiety.'"

"This reads," pursued Mr. Danvers, "as though he imagined me in even fuller possession of her story than himself, and were eager to express, as far as he dared, the deepest sympathy that any disinterested could afford. It is strange that this did not strike me on its reception, but I was so fully persuaded that she was the true Hunter Roscoe's daughter, and in that case there could have been nothing specially to regret, for Eugene did not require money with a wife."

He got up and took down a file of papers from an upper shelf within the door.

"There may be something in print to help me here," he said, and he began carefully to run down the columns of each sheet, reading here and there, as some especial paragraph seemed to catch his attention. The moments flew by, and his face grew darker and sterner with each additional scrap of evidence, until the whole package had been gone over. Then he got up, shook himself, and began to walk again, glancing at first like a man who was checking himself after a spell of drinking.

"All—goes to confirm me," he said, "in the truth of her cool, easy assertions. Yet there are points which I cannot reconcile—evidences that do not tally. Did this woman lie to me with her false face, 'could calm face' to me, as she said, that I feel something of the same?"

He was in the very atmosphere of doubt. I dare not question Eugene. It would be cruel to accuse him while the dreams may last; besides she has, of course, cheated him, as she will do the rest of us, and kept him in as profound ignorance as she could of all her past history. No, the only course left for me is to write to Guy, and ask him for a few pointed questions which will set the matter at rest. But the hour is late, and some of our guests must have already assembled. I must leave these thoughts until to-morrow, and hard as the task is, play the agreeable host and delighted father-in-law to a woman who, if my suspicions be true, would lay Lady Macbeth in the shade upon the boards, and would have a dagger at my heart before morning, if she thought I was to unweave her. She is my son's wife, yet, to save him, I must do it."

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. MIRIAM DANVERS SURPRISED BY A VISITOR.

"If ever you made me beautiful in your life, Clare, try your hand to-night," said Mrs. Eugene Danvers, as she sat in demitoid on a low ottoman before her Dresden mirror, while the maid's deft fingers were passing an ivory comb through her beautiful hair, that now hung down to her shoulders. "I have heard to win to-night, and some evil influence, of a nature I know not exactly what, to exercise, that would make me wish to be a very Medea."

Whether or not Clare was sufficiently versed in classical lore to understand the allusions of her mistress did not appear, and her hands continued to work. Presently, feeling her lady relapsing into silence again, she ventured to remark, "Your new home is certainly as handsome, madame, as heart could wish. I hope you find the lady and gentlemen of the house entirely pleasant."

"There has been small chance to display their propensities that way so far. The mother is a pretty old lady and pleasant enough, but Eugene's father seems quite a bear. There was that, or the maid, accused in him when I came in. He growled until I grew positively faint."

"That is unfortunate, certainly. What can it be?"

"He did not know of Cecil's existence until that moment, and evidently regarded him as *de trop*. This, I suppose, in addition to my own poverty as his son's wife, was rather too much for him. So fortune in his proud of me to-night."

Growing conscious under the mesmeric influence of the manipulation about her head, Mrs. Danvers lapsed into silence for fully half an hour, when the maid had completed her work. Then she stood up and surveyed herself in the mirror, and a smile of triumph flashed over her face.

"You have surpassed yourself, Clare!" she cried with vivacity. "You are a magician. I found myself looking positively ill at four o'clock, and now I am fresh as Aphrodite just from the foam of the sea."

Aphrodite indeed could scarcely have been more beautiful.

"Now, Clare, you treasure," continued Mrs. Danvers, "go take charge of my little tugboat Cecil, and send Allaine to finish my toilette. No woman was ever so fortunate in her dresser and dower as I do. Ah! it is only fools who do not see that money is the open sesame to all the treasures of earth."

For the first time since we have seen her, Miriam Danvers was genuinely enthusiastic, and the spell of her beauty was weird in its influence even over the female attendant who looked on, and who had never seen such a light in her mistress' eyes or such a flush upon her cheeks.

"The world should worship you!" exclaimed Clare, without one particle of that cynicism which usually characterizes the language of persons in her position.

"They do! they shall!" cried the lady again. "They must be more than human if they bow not to my sceptre! Go, I say, and send Allaine!"

The confidential maid appeared in a moment.

"One may be honest with one's self if not with others," continued Miriam, recovering her haughtiest disdain. "Tell me the truth, Allaine; did I ever look better?"

"Not even on the day when your last lord proposed," said the attendant, softly; "and now we must make your toilette *à la fash*."

"Yes, for never did I have greater need to bring all the gifts with which nature has endowed me into play."

"I agree with you, madame. There was something more than surprise in the elder Mr. Danvers' manner when he learned that you had been married before. I was quite taken aback. You turned it nicely, madame."

"Yes; but it still puzzles me. I had thought to find him in all the simplicity of nature, and to have come with his eyes on me, and to have said, 'Give me my empire through half that time and I will never marry.'"

"Yet he seems as brisk and intelligent as his son."

"Tut! tut! Yes, he has more brains to one moment than my poor Eugene could acquire in a century. What can he know? What can he have heard?"

"But too little, as he would seem, of his daughter-in-law, and perhaps too much of Madame Dupre," replied the maid.

"Silence!" cried Mrs. Danvers, stamping her foot, angrily. "Am I never to be free from the shame of that accursed alliance? It is enough that I must be questioned elsewhere; let all thoughts of it and on your lips from this hour forth. He has been buried here in this western world for the past twenty years; he can have heard nothing. It is some old story about my parents, and of which you know nothing, that he is striving to recall. Should he succeed in doing so, my position here will be more endangered than by anything in which my later years are concerned."

"Is there no way to ascertain?"

"We must make one!"

In his own castle, and surrounded by strangers! It will be no easy task."

"Peace, fool! The greater the danger the greater our zeal and pride in our quest. I have come to this, and I can be so blind as to suppose that I am ignorant of all concerning her. Or did she possibly hurry up this match, believing that when she should be once my son's wife, I must perform just a bride upon my tongue, and bury the dark past in oblivion, while she queens it over the rest of the world, and even over me? Could I do it? By heavens, no! For were there no law, I fear she is the devil herself, to the remotest corner of the earth."

Mrs. Danvers touched him on the arm. "You are in a brown study, my dear," she whispered. "Pray arouse yourself; you are observed." Before Mr. Danvers could reply an old acquaintance had joined them.

"Madam," he said, "I have been critically examining your daughter-in-law, as the *sic*, *et cetera*, and can detect no shadow of flaw. She is simply perfect. Questions of the kind I was about to ask are rude I know, but when they are put by an old friend, and refer to so very young a woman, still I am sure they may be pardoned, especially since she is married for the second time. Do you know her age?"

"She is twenty-six, Mr. Delamere."

"If she be the daughter of the Douglas house, I fear she is the devil herself, to the remotest corner of the earth."

"I am not afraid to trust you. Have your wife about you now, and think what will become of me on so important an occasion."

The woman arose quickly, as commanded, and seemed too willing to manifest her real by using all possible dispatch.

"Softly," said Mrs. Danvers again, after a little; "it is perhaps time I were making my appearance, and I hear my husband in the next room; but he can wait. Let the crowd be assembled, and something tried of looking at each other, before I claim their attention."

At last the finishing touch was given to her superb attire, and the doors be-

ing thrown open, she passed into a husband's presence. Eugene's raptures were unbounded, but she did not seem disposed to wait to hear them, and passing her arm through his would have moved towards the door.

"One moment, Miriam," said Eugene, "the ladies of your guests are here ere this, and it is time we should appear."

"I shall, as I said, detain you but a moment."

Had the doting young husband looked up at that moment, he would have been startled by an ugly gleam of angry impatience in his wife's beautiful face, but she mastered it in a moment, and turned with indolent grace towards him, as he lifted a casket of pearls and gold from the cabinet within reach.

"I have something beautiful, as even you must confess to show you, Miriam. This casket contains the finest single set of diamonds in the country. My mother made them as a present, and begs if you will wear them to-night."

He touched a spring and the casket flew open, showing a superb set of light about them. "There was my first in Miriam's delight now. She uttered a startled cry, and her laugh rang like a chime of silvery bells through the room.

"What an angel your mother is! I know I should love her. She is like you, Eugene."

With his own honest nature full of generous impulses, he did not know how little importance those who are truly wise will attach to such expressions from the lips of those who have a motive to flatter. From supposed friend or lover, alas! how often are they the merest verbiage in all the redundancy of our language. In perfect trust, Eugene caught her to his heart, so the imminent jeopardy of her faultless tunic, with its innumerable folds and puffs and costly ornaments, and pressed a kiss upon her coral mouth.

"You silly boy!" she cried, drawing back. "do you know how easily spoiled is a woman in *costume* du soir? Besides I am impatient to see the effect of these 'jewels'."

"I don't suppose the necklace about her swan-like throat, while her own hands held the pendants in her ears, and the stars upon her head."

"You are like the pictures of Mary Stuart," he said admiringly, when it was done, and his wife gave a quick start.

"Never say that again. I was told that some thing once before."

"Well," replied Eugene, with a laugh, "I don't suppose your eyes will be quite so tragic. And I hope you will never feel like dealing with me as she did with poor Barnaby. But come, our mother has been impatiently waiting for nearly an hour."

"What will your father say?"

"That the Danvers family has boasted of some beauties in its day, but his son has expected the queen of them all."

"Exposition was broadcast below, yet the full realization of this advent had not been anticipated. Eugene Danvers came in with a wraith, a mist, a transfiguration of idealistic womanhood upon his arm. Necks were craned, and men and women rubbed their eyes, as though under the impression that they were being cheated by some specious vision in a panorama, and this were the chief *d'œuvre* of some skilful artificer in the art of deception."

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ing thrown open, she passed into a husband's presence. Eugene's raptures were unbounded, but she did not seem disposed to wait to hear them, and passing her arm through his would have moved towards the door.

"One moment, Miriam," said Eugene, "the ladies of your guests are here ere this, and it is time we should appear."

"I shall, as I said, detain you but a moment."

Had the doting young husband looked up at that moment, he would have been startled by an ugly gleam of angry impatience in his wife's beautiful face, but she mastered it in a moment, and turned with indolent grace towards him, as he lifted a casket of pearls and gold from the cabinet within reach.

"I have something beautiful, as even you must confess to show you, Miriam. This casket contains the finest single set of diamonds in the country. My mother made them as a present, and begs if you will wear them to-night."

He touched a spring and the casket flew open, showing a superb set of light about them. "There was my first in Miriam's delight now. She uttered a startled cry, and her laugh rang like a chime of silvery bells through the room.

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September 19, 1914

## FACETIOUS

**VEGETABLE PHILOSOPHY.**—Page advice. **CONVICTED DAWDLE.**—Visiting another man's wife.

**RECIPE** for a hot breakfast.—Admire your landlady's new bonnet.

Why did Job always sleep cold? Because he had miserable comforters.

**TAX** young man who parts his hair in the middle and his money are soon parted.

Why is totalitarianism a bar to friendship of a sort? Because it prevents shaking hands.

**THE** woman who neglects her husband's shirt front, is not the wife of his bosom.

**MANY** men and women have said occasion to know that two do not necessarily make a pair.

**SOME** Boston girls are about to establish a sock-darning factory, for the benefit of friendless young bachelors. The girls should adopt the Latin motto—*Socket them, darn!*

**ENTHUSIASTIC LOVER.**—"Dear Augustus," said an affectionate girl, "I am willing to marry you if we have to live on bread and water."

"Well," responded the enthusiastic Augustus, "you furnish the bread and I'll skim the cream and find the water."

**BROOKLYN** young gentlemen are advised never to write glowing effusions in praise of their sweethearts' hair. They may safely operate on her nose or eyes, but the color of her hair is apt to change with the fashion. It would be very awkward to send her a poem telling her that her hair is like golden threads spun from a sunbeam, and to meet her next day wearing a deep chestnut colored chignon.

**SOMETHING** LIKE A LOVE.—"Amelia, for thee—yes, at thy command, I'd tear this eternal firmament in a thousand fragments; I'd gather the stars one by one as they tumble from the regions of ethereal space, and put them in my trousers' pocket; I'd pluck the sun, that oriental god of day, that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky, and quench his bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee!"

**HER ANSWER.**—It was bliss to sit silently near her, but bliss has no limits, and I would speak to her boldly and hear her breathe melody rare in reply.

Strange feelings were mine I might not define, The throne of my queen drawing nigh.

I murmured, "Fair maid, may the pleasure To share your next dance be my lot? The hope paradise is treasure, This rapture you'll gain my no!"

"Excuse me," she said, "I'm just about dead. It's really so terrible."

**HE KNEW.**—There are a number of Americans in Paris, and among them, Brown. He knows less about the French language than he does about the man in the moon.

The other evening he concluded to go to the circus. He went to a back street and began a series of motions that looked very much as if he had performed the geometrical problem of squaring a circle, and was trying to demonstrate it to "cabby."

He whirled on his heel, threw his arm around, described a circle with his hand, and pointed towards the Champ Elysees. The driver pushed his hat back, put his whip under his arm, and gave close attention. After Brown had exhausted himself, the Frenchman scratched his head a moment, and said:

"Och, and it is the circus you want to go to; and bedad and why didn't you say so?"

**THE DEVIL RIGHT.**—The pastor of a church, had been for some time annoyed by the forwardness of a lay brother to "speak" whenever an opportunity was offered, to the frequent exclusion of those whose remarks had a greater tendency to edification. This had been carried so far that the pastor, whenever he stated that an "opportunity would now be offered for any brother to give an exhortation," had always a secret dread of the loquacious member. On one special occasion, the latter prefaced a prosy, incoherent harangue with an account of a controversy he had been carrying on with the great adversary. "My friends," said he, "the devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes; he told me not to speak to-night, but I determined I would; he said some of the rest could speak better than I, but still I felt that I could not keep silent; he even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way, and now I have gained the victory, I must tell you all that is in my heart."

The following edifying harangue followed. As they were coming out of the season-room, the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the misanthropic member, and whispered, "Brother, I think the devil was right."

**THE WIDOW CABOCHARD.**—It is well known that at the Pere la Chaise Cemetery, near Paris, there stands in a conspicuous position a splendid monument to Pierre Cabochard, grocer, with a pathetic inscription which closes thus:

"His inconsolable widow dedicates this monument to his memory and continues the same business at the old stand, 101 Rue Montmartre."

Now a Parisian paper relates that a short time ago, a gentleman who had noticed the above inscription was led by curiosity to call at the address indicated. Having expressed his desire to see Widow Cabochard, he was immediately ushered into the presence of a fashionably-dressed and full-bearded man, who asked what was the object of his visit.

"I came to see the Widow Cabochard, sir."

"Well, sir, here she is."

"I beg pardon, but I wish to see the lady in person."

"Sir, I am the Widow Cabochard."

"I don't exactly understand you. I allude to the widow of the late Pierre Cabochard, whose monument I saw yesterday at the 'Pere la Chaise.'"

"I see, I see," was the smiling rejoinder. "Allow me to inform you that Pierre Cabochard is a myth, and, therefore, never had a wife. The tomb you admired cost me a good deal of money, and although no one is buried there, it proves a first-rate advertisement, and I have had no cause to regret the expense. Now, sir, what can I sell you in the way of groceries?"

## FACETIOUS

They say—Ah! well, suppose they do? But can they prove the story true? Suspicion may arise from naught; madmen, pious, vast of thought; Why count yourself among the "they"? Who whines what they dare not say?

They say—But why the tale rehearse? And help to make the matter worse? Is given as possibly accords From telling which may be untrue: And is it not a nobler plan To speak of all the best you had?

They say—Well, if I should be so, Why not and tell the whole of it? Will it be the better wrong address? Or make one pang of sorrow less? Will it the string one romance, Homestead to "go and see no more?"

They say—Oh, please, and tell within, How thy heart's inclined to sin; With less in dark temptation's hour Than, lo, should it sink beneath its power. Try the good, keep 'till their fall But speak of good or not at all.

## A LITTLE MISTAKE.

BY J. R. HOLLINGS.

David Dobkins was an old bachelor. Harry Hazlehurst, his nephew, was a young one, who lived with him, and Mrs. Moffin was a widow, who acted as housekeeper.

"Gentlemen," said Mrs. Moffin, "are easy to work for. So long as your virtuous is cooked correct, they don't ask to be swept up and dusted very often. My gentlemen keep most things on the mantelpiece when they ain't on the floor, and all I find fault about is their ash-tray lying everywhere, but if they don't mind me, why should I?"

It was scarcely likely that Harry should find fault with anything his uncle chose to do, for he was a young man, with an eye to the main chance, and Uncle David was very rich, and had not yet made his will.

If he made no will at all, everything would go to Harry, and if he made it, probably there might be a little legacy to the housekeeper—but for the rest, nothing to interfere with his nephew's prospects.

Over the way from the old bachelor's house stood another dwelling. Its windows faced those at which Mr. Dobkins sat. At them a young lady often sat and sewed. She looked over at the house very often. Sometimes she blushed and looked away again, but her eyes traveled back very soon.

When Mr. Dobkins began to notice this, he was not surprised; he knew himself—all men do to be a very captivating person. He knew that ladies fell in love with him suddenly without being able to avoid it. Besides, he had not yet made his will. He might be gray, but he was not as bald as Harry. Harry was not as handsome as he was at his age—not the fellow to captivate women.

Meanwhile, at the window just above, Harry sat smoking, also.

Mr. Dobkins did not know that.

Neither did Harry know that Dobkins was taking the glance intended for the second floor as the property of the first.

Men are not as smart as women, but Mrs. Moffin knew all about it.

"An old gander and an young gosling," she said to herself, as she bustled about. "I don't know which of the two is the silliest."

One morning at breakfast, David, casting a glance towards the window, remarked:

"Fine looking girl over there. I suppose you never noticed her?"

"Oh, yes, I have," said Harry, blushing.

"Looks a good deal over here, don't you think?" said David.

"Have you noticed that?" said Harry. "So you've been watching me?" said David. "You sly dog. Ah! well, 'tisn't the first time that sort of thing has happened. Very fine girl, indeed."

"So you admire her?" said the nephew.

"Immensely," said David. "My dear boy, when one sees a charming girl like that, it makes bachelor life seem lonely."

"We often thought that myself," said Harry.

"Dear, dear, I supposed you'd consider it a foolish fancy," said David.

"Not at all," said Harry, who, having some weeks before managed an introduction to the seraph of the opposite window, had been wondering what his uncle would say if he should marry, and whether a wife would lose him a fortune.

"You've noticed her expression as she glances at these windows?"

"Well, my boy, I'm not blind, you know?" said David, modestly.

"Then I'll tell you a secret, uncle," said the nephew, overjoyed by his relative's complacency. "I was introduced to that girl the other day. She's Timkin's cousin, and do you know the first question she asked me was: 'Who is that very fine-looking gentleman you reside with?'"

"Ahem! hem! did she?" asked David, glancing at the mirror.

"And she said she'd like to know you," said Harry. "So I'll introduce you if you like."

"Thank you, my boy," said the old gentleman. "Of course, I like it. Young ladies certainly are not as shy as they used to be; but times change; introduce me as soon as you like."

"My uncle wants to know you," said Harry to Miss Timkins that evening.

"That nice old gentleman? I should be pleased, I'm sure," said the lady.

And so David was introduced.

"My boy, do you know what I have been thinking about?" he remarked, as they walked home together. "That girl would make a splendid wife."

"Do you really think so?" cried Harry. "I'm sure you're right, and I'm delighted to hear you say so."

"Thank you, my boy," said David. "In any case you shan't be a loser. I'll not forget that you are my nephew."

"Fine old man. Some old fellows would have objected," said Harry to himself.

"Fine boy. Most young fellows would have been afraid that a rich uncle should marry," said David.

After this both gentlemen called very frequently on the young lady, and with the same intentions; but Harry, being young, was impulsive, and did not allow much time to pass before he offered his hand and heart, and was accepted; while David, who had faith in long, solemn, old-fashioned courtships, and was besides, rather timid as to the plunge into the matrimonial ocean, where so many barques are wrecked, had not yet come to the point.

At last, one morning, Harry having remarked, "My dear uncle, how charmingly

ingly Lavinia would provide at our little table and how she would entertain the old place," David had suddenly grasped his hand, and cried in a burst of enthusiasm:

"My boy, you are right. I'll go over and arrange the affair at once. It's only a word or two, and it's all over. Time flies. We shall all be getting old before long. I think I'll ask her to set the day and be done with it."

"Delightful!" said Harry. "But, uncle, had I not better undertake the task?"

"No, no, no," said David; "very kind of you, but let me do it myself. I know she thinks well of me, and—"

"She admires you exceedingly," she told me yesterday," said the nephew.

"My dear fellow," cried David, shaking hands with him again, "you mustn't be afraid of being a loser by this amiable—no, indeed. Well, I'll go, and tell her the result."

And away went David. Lavinia was at home.

She was disengaged, and said, "Yes, she would be delighted to hear anything dear Mr. Dobkins had to say to her."

"Dear Mr. Dobkins!" repeated David to himself; "that sounds well for me."

But, nevertheless, he was nervous.

He walked to the window, fidgeted, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and finally sat down on the sofa beside Lavinia, and remarked:

"May I hope I'm not disagreeable to you?"

"Disagreeable! Oh, dear, no, sir," cried Lavinia.

"And my little home would not be a desirable place to live in?" asked David.

Lavinia had often talked with Harry on the subject of living with David, so she replied at once:

"Oh, no, sir! I should like it of all things."

"Bless your heart!" said David; "how happy you make me."

"I am sure I shall try to do so," said Lavinia. "Harry has often told me that I should like you very much."

"So the boy has been pleading my case," said Mr. Dobkins.

"Oh, he did not need to do that; I always liked you," said Lavinia.

Whereupon Mr. Dobkins kissed her.

"And you know what I shall ask you next?" he said. "No? Well, the day, you know—the happy day?"

"Oh, dear," said Miss Lavinia, "I'm sure it must be a long while yet."

"No," said David; "very soon. Shall it be next month? That will give time for the linen, and for me to get my little house in order. Next month, eh?"

"But Harry?" faltered the girl.

"He'll not be surprised, the rascal!" said David.

"Oh, how kind you are!" said Lavinia.

And before David departed, the day was set for the wedding.

And the girl sat down and wrote a little note to her lover when she was alone; and told him how his eccentric uncle had been to see her and arranged matters for them as if they were children.

Meanwhile, David had said to Harry—

"Of course a wedding costume is an expensive thing, and you must let me arrange with the tailor. You'll stand up with me, you know."

Of course Harry understood him to mean that he—David Dobkins—would be his best man, and the old man was astonished by the fervor of his gratitude.

"After this the old gentleman was very busy. The house was made fine from roof to kitchen, and Harry declared to Lavinia that he had no idea what a charming old fellow Uncle David was before this incident brought the fine points of his character to the surface. Meanwhile, Mrs. Moffin went about with a sardonic smile, and without quite missing all about the affair, awaited a catastrophe. The happy morning came. The evening before, Lavinia had said to Harry:

"Harry, dear, your uncle was so kind when he came here last. He kissed me twice, and called me his little rosebud."

And Harry had said:

"Affectionate old fellow! we must make much of him."

Now, the two relations met in the spick-and-span parlor, each attired in the conventional bridal uniform, both very red and sheepish.

And David poked Harry in the side.

And Harry said:

"I declare you look like a bridegroom, sir."

And David had answered:

"Ah, well, joke away, it will be your turn some day."

And then, after a pause, the old man had remarked:

"I suppose you have told the clergyman whom he is to marry, and all that?"

And Harry had replied:

"Oh, of course. And you know you must offer your arm to Miss Timkins, the bridesmaid, up the aisle?"

"I'm to take Lavinia in, ain't I?" asked David.

"Oh, dear no," said Harry.

"Well, fashions alter," said the old man. "This is nervous work, Harry."

"Yes, I feel a little upset," said Harry, "but it will be very quiet, you know."

And then the two went together to get in the carriage.

Lavinia was an orphan. And there were no parents or sisters to weep over the bride. But a number of new brides were to be seen in the church, and it was plain that her friends had turned out in full strength to witness the ceremony.

They stood before the clergyman. Lavinia nearest him, Miss Timkins a little behind.

On the other side there was a dodging. Behind me, my boy," whispered David.

"No, uncle; you behind me," whispered Harry.

"Absurd," said David to himself. "How customs change."

For the clergyman had motioned him on one side, and a lady tittered audibly. Then it dawned upon him that there was something wrong for the clergyman was saying:

"Do you, Henry, take Lavinia to be your wedded wife?"

And Henry had answered, "I do, in the usual whisper."

"I say, sir," gasped David, under his breath. "My name isn't Henry."

"Hush, Mr. Dobkins," whispered Miss Timkins, the bridesmaid.

"But I say," said Mr. Dobkins, a little louder, "look here, sir, you made a mistake. David, if you please."

"Is your name David, sir?" whispered the clergyman.

"No, sir, Henry," breathed the bridegroom.

"But your name don't matter. I'm

the man that is being married," explained Mr. Dobkins, growing wroth, while the priest in the ceremony caused a rustling and whispering all over the church.

"I did not understand that I had two couples to unite," said the clergyman.

"He kind enough to explain what you mean."

"All I know about it," said David, "is that I came here to marry Miss Lavinia Timkins, and it was my impression that you were mistaking my nephew for the bridegroom."

"My poor uncle has suddenly gone mad," said Harry.

"Yes, poor, dear, darling Mr. Dobkins has lost his senses," sighed Miss Lavinia.

"Oh, try to get 'em back, there's a good soul," cried Miss Timkins, bursting into tears.

"What does this mean?" cried David. "Do you dare to deny at the very altar that I have been your accepted lover for four weeks, and that we came here today to be made one?"

"Oh, dear!" screamed Lavinia, "what shall I do? I see it all; you thought I meant you, and I thought you meant Harry."

And, as in duty bound, she fainted away.

An hour afterwards a stonish elderly gentleman, in a violent rage, and with his white necktie twisted under one ear, dashed out of a carriage into his own door, and having reached the parlor, indulged in language not to be found in the catechism.

It was Mr. David Dobkins, and Mrs. Moffin, the housekeeper, stood by and listened calmly.

"Bless ye," she said, when he paused for rest. "I knew they were a-hoaxing you. Him and her flirted out 'o' windy long afore you knew her."

"I'll cut him off with a shilling!" cried David. "I'll show him what it is to use me so. I'll marry somebody myself."

"Just what you ought to do, sir," said the housekeeper; "no bitty-pal, but a middle-aged lady that understands your merits and is able to make you comfortable."

David looked at Mrs. Moffin. She was poorly and very, and not ill-looking. A thought struck him.

"Mrs. Moffin," he said, "get me a cup of tea, and let's have a talk over it."

The result of that talk was a wedding, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hazlehurst now have the opportunity of watching from the window of their lodging the domestic bliss of their uncle and aunt-in-law, and of knowing that Mr. Dobkins has already made up his mind in which of his possessions is bequeathed to his wife, should she survive him.

**HOW TO KEEP THE BOYS AT HOME.**

My neighbor Smith came in this morning wearing a very perplexed look, and evidently considerably excited about something. I can tell when Smith is agitated, for he shows it in his face and actions, and has not that power of control which allows a person to appear calm while laboring under deep excitement. After some talk on general subjects he broke out with:

"I can't keep my boys at home. There's John went away last year, and now William wants to leave, though he ain't only seventeen, and no more fit to go out into the world for himself than a child. I don't see how other folks keep their boys at home, I can't."

"I suppose, then, they ain't satisfied with things on the farm."

"No, they're on easy from morning till night, and don't give me any peace."

"Couldn't something be done to make them satisfied with farm life?"

"I don't know; boys ain't same as they used to be. They get big notions in the heads, and don't stick to work as well."

"Perhaps we farmers don't give them enough privileges. We mustn't forget that they are boys, and not men, and use them accordingly."

"When I was a boy I didn't think of having so many privileges as they have now."

"Very well, but times were far different then from now. We must make things as they are in the age we live, and endeavor to conform to the prevailing customs. Do you give your boys plenty of holidays, and time to rest, as well as look around a little?"

"Yes, they always go to Fourth of July, and the circus."

"Did you take them to cattle show last year?"

"Well, not you see I wanted to get my potatoes out afore they rotted any worse."

"That was hardly fair. The cattle show is peculiarly intended for the farmers' boys, and it's wrong to cheat them out of attending."

"You don't think they do the boys any good, do you?"

"Why not? Farmers' boys learn easily, and are very observant. I think they would be more likely to notice changes and improvements than their elders. A knowledge of what others are doing would stimulate them to action with the hope of equalling or surpassing a neighbor. We are apt to give our boys credit for all they do know. You kept your boys to school during the winter terms, I suppose?"

"Generally; but last winter I had considerable trouble to get out, so William had to help me. It won't pay to hire a man."

"That was a 'promy wise and pound foolish' policy. Give your boys all the schooling possible, at least do not let them lose a day of the winter term. Better stay at home yourself and do the chores, than they should remain out of school. And every farmer who can possibly spare the means, should allow his boys a term at the high school or academy in the fall after harvesting, as soon as they are sixteen years old. You take plenty of papers, I suppose?"

"Well, no; I did have The Post, but it don't come now; but I have a political paper."

"I think I see where the trouble is, Smith. I'm afraid your boys don't find home attractive. Perhaps they have come to associate the word home with a place where they have only ate and stayed, instead of a pleasant refuge where the body and the mind is rested and restored. Perhaps you have kept them too often and too late in the fields, and not given them enough recreation. Perhaps—mind you, I say, perhaps—they have got an idea that any other place is more pleasant than the farm and the life they lead there. If so, by all means correct this idea by removing the causes. Remember that 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' and give them all the holidays consistent with justice. Make the house

a home in reality to them when not engaged in farm work—not a mere place to eat and sleep in. Fix up the sitting room, get some books and pictures, and don't be afraid to spend ten dollars or more a year for periodicals, and above all be sure and take the Post. It will pay you compound interest, and what ever you can do with your money on the farm or about your home that will exert an influence towards making your boys contented and satisfied, will be better than mortgages on real estate, or 7.50, to be left for them to quarrel over after you are gone."

**THE LIGHT OF COMING DAYS.**

The light of other days—practical, not poetical, was the talk of the day, and further back, a bunch of men in a dish of green, the advance from this primitive illuminator to the gas jet covers a most important stage in the progress of domestic economy. To make the illuminating material distribute itself was a capital stroke of policy. My people it is regarded as the final stroke in the conflict with the shades of night. But it falls very far short of it.

Before we can truly say that our streets



